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THE MUSE.

Our sweetest Songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

From the Young American.

THE ACRES AND THE HANDS.

By DUGANNE.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,"
Says God's most holy word,
The water hath life, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming with life of the earth,
And the earth hath myriads of lands,
Yet millions of hands want acres,
While millions of acres want hands.

Sunlight and breeze, and gladness flowers,
Are o'er the earth spread wide,
And the good God gave these gifts to man,
To man who on the earth stands;
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Never a road hath a poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn—
And never a plot where his child may call
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn;
The soil lies fallow, the weeds grow rank,
Yet idle the poor man stands!
Ah! millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

'Tis Writ that "ye shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn?"
Yet behold ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
That have all earth's burdens borne,
The land is the gift of a bounteous God,
And to labor his word commands,
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Who hath ordained that a few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold?
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands?

'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day,
'Tis robbery of men's rights!
'Tis a lie that the word of the Lord disowns,
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight till the rocks are riven,
And swear while they burst their bands,
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands.

BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

When morning pours its golden rays,
O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea,
My heart unbidden swells in praise,
Father of light and life, to Thee!
When night from heaven steals dark,
And throws its head o'er lawn and lea,
My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And hails in worship still to Thee.
If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joys and sorrows dim the eye—
Father in heaven, I turn to Thee.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

An intellectual repast, composed of the choicest "viands" of the literary market.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE INDIAN LOVERS.

A LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

To the country—to the country with me
Dear readers. Out into the grey old woods,
where twilight sleeps forever on beds of gold—
en moss, shaded by the tall trees, whose limbs
are love-laced with ivy! Out under the wild
green arches where the sunlight creeps through
the tangled vines, mournfully subdued, as if
afraid of its own brightness; where all around
and above, nothing meets the eye but an ocean
of clustering leaves, rising billow upon billow,
up to the very skies. Here let us wander and
people the forest with creatures that must have
lived beneath its sheltering arms before the
white man broke in upon its solitude, and de-
serted a beautiful place reared by the Al-
mighty! Away up amongst the cliffs that
form a boundary between the States and Can-
ada, in the centre of a wilderness, whose tall
trees fling their shadows over the wild, huge
rocks, like a death pall over the tomb of the
past, the silver bosom of the lake beems out
in all its purity, as if some bewitched fairy
had been lured into the forest, and lulled to
eternal slumber by the voluptuous breath of the
wild thyme and honey-suckle! All around
her bed, a chain of weeping willows bend
their long branches to kiss her bosom, and
ever as some stray zephyr lifts them from their
sweet resting place, tears glisten within their
folding leaves—a tribute perhaps to the young,
impassioned hearts who lived, and loved, and
withered, beneath their shadows.

Let us follow this worn path leading down
the slope, round the velvet border of the lake
and out through yonder vista that opens like
an arching door leading from the portals of
the forest. Hark! No not already here the
awful voice of Niagara come crashing
down the huge rocks, like some fearful mon-
ster of the antediluvian world, struggling in
his agony for freedom? See how he writhes
and foams in his strength, and tosses the
white spray, till it hangs like wreaths of snow
flowers up in the very skies! There is a le-
gend about this wild, magnificent spot, that
comes back upon my memory, linked with all
the dreaminess of childhood. A legend of love
—not the less strong and deep and holy, that
it beamed the first star upon the midnight of
an unenlightened heart—not the less wild, in-
tense, and fearful in its despair, that that heart
had learned its capability of happiness and
endurance in the great free school of nature.
Down upon the very verge of the lake, where
the wild flowers were thickest, once rose the
princely lodge of Palamato, the great warrior
of the Wampunogas. Long lines of lesser
tents were ranged around, some lost in the
dense foliage, and only recognizable by smoke
smuggling through the branches, others look-

ing out upon the waters of the cataract that
came tumbling down the rocks in full view of
the encampment.

It was an hour of strange, wild beauty, (so
ran the legend.) The setting sun poured out
his parting gifts most lavishly, and the tall
trees waved to and fro in the rich light, like
emerald islands drifting in a sea of gold.—
Wild, fantastic creatures grouped together
around the rude tents, while the dark-eyed
maiden flung aside their basket stuffs,
sought the lake side to make their toilet by its
mirror, and with woman's pardonable vanity,
admired for a moment the laughing faces that
shone upon its surface.

It was the bridal night of their beautiful
princess Natameeta, who had been proffered
by her father to the Narraganset King as a
peace offering, to lay upon the grave of the
tomahawk, which was to be buried forever in
the ground. The fairest and wisest of his
own and neighboring tribes, were assembled
around the hearth-stone of the warrior to wit-
ness the consummation of his pledge, the old
forest had yielded its brightest treasures of
wild roses and other flowers, and busy hands
were weaving them over the bridal bed of his
beautiful child, while "she," the envied bride,
was pining almost to death with bitter heart-
sickness. It was a strange blending of deter-
mination and fear, of strong intellect uprooted
by passion, and made more fearful from its
wasting energies, that glared from the eyes
and seemed burning their way to the brain of
the princess! Prostrate upon a mat of costly
furs, in the full splendor of her bridal dress,
she looked the very image of despair. For a
moment a stately figure darkened the entrance
to her lodge, a heavy footstep, which even the
rich matting could not subdue, sounded in the
wigwam, and Palamato stood gazing upon
the heart-broken girl; but every trace of au-
guish had vanished, and her face had assumed
the rigidity of expression which is said to be
the characteristic of the Indian race!

"The hovers are hung with wild-thyme
and sweet fern," said the warrior, "the torches
are blazing upon the hills, and yet the
daughter of Palamato tarries from the side of
her betrothed. Arise, thou, girl, so much
weeping has stolen the lustre from thine eyes,
the roses from thy cheeks, and smiles, not
tears, should be the greeting of a King."
"SMILES," exclaimed the young creature,
suddenly forgetting the part she had assumed,
and springing to her feet, "smiles when the
heart is breaking. Smiles like the false light
which plays and dances on the black cloud
when all within is desolation! I tell you, father,
I must weep, for my heart is swollen
like the waters of the great fountain when the
Manito is angry with them. I am sad,"
said she, drawing up her quivering form to its
full height, "bartered for new hunting-guns and
far away over the blue hills; and when another
moon comes creeping up the sky, its beams
will play with the flowers upon my mother's
grave, but I shall not be there to welcome them."

A smile full of scornful meaning stood over
the stern features of Palamato as he bent
closely to her ear, and whispered one word,
which gathered the rich blood like a sunset
cloud, over her face, neck, and bosom.

"I hate the Narraganset," he muttered, "but
I cannot shut my eyes. We are weak and
feeble, and the scalps of our bravest warriors
are already in the wigwams, while the trees
of the forest are not more numerous than the
chieftains of that accursed tribe," and he un-
wound the beautiful mottled arms that had
been stolen around his neck, with a look of moody
firmness, that told how great a victory self-
interest had achieved over his better nature.

"It is not because this land is more fair, or
these flowers more bright, that the Narraganset
would have the war-fire light on the hills, for
Palamato's eye is keen, and searches deeply,
and it saw thy weak heart leaving its old
home to follow the Lempeo Hunter, to his
seamy lodge over the eastern prairies. To-
night," said he, as he lifted the heavy skins
from the door, "to-night, when the moon
comes out in her council, and the torches of
the bravest are lit upon the hills of the spirit-
land, then Natameeta must be wedded to the
Narraganset!" He was gone! Chillingly
the echo of his footsteps threading the dim
forest aisles, fell upon the heart of the princess.
"To-night," she murmured, "to-night." What
a world of misery was crowded into those two
syllables! It is a bitter lesson to the young
heart when it first learns that sorrow lives in
this bright and beautiful world, and lurks for-
ever in the shadow of happiness. "To-night,
Natameeta will be wedded, but not to the
Narraganset king, for then her soul would
wither like the spring flowers, and not die.—
Methinks there is a strange charm in the en-
chanted fountain to-night," said she, as she
looked up the heavy furs, and stood half-pos-
ed in the embrasure, gazing upon the cataract,
which, in the warm rich light, seemed an im-
mense sheet of burnished silver.

It was a beautiful picture, that tall dark
girl standing in the door of her rude dwelling.
One small foot encased in an exquisitely em-
broided moccasin, rested upon the sill of
the lodge, the other stole timidly forth upon
the rough stone steps, as if half tempted to
go out amongst the flowers that nodded upon
the very verge of the cataract, yet fearing
to trust herself alone in a spot whose wilder-
ness so harmonized with the half-formed pur-
poses of her heart. A robe of feathers, taste-
fully plaited together with beads and silver
loops, composed her dress, gathered up around
her right shoulder, and encased at the waist

with a girdle of shells, leaving her arm bare
to the wrist, around which circled a bracelet
of small silver bells, whose low sweet chiming
gave out on echo to every movement of her
graceful form. Her dark hair fell like a rich
scarf around a bust of faultless symmetry,
and her eyes looked out from their long lashes,
like stars through a cloud at midnight. "To-
night," fell almost mechanically from her lips,
like some deep wail of woe from the sepul-
chre of buried hopes. "To-night, and the
moon is even now smiling in the eastern
sky!"

A slight crackling in the bushes arrested
her attention, and with a startled look, she
stepped forth and bent down in a listening at-
titude, till her face nearly touched the ground.
"They are coming," she exclaimed, after a
brief pause, "I hear their footsteps issuing
from the encampment—their voices echo from
the hills—their torches glimmer through the
trees—nearer—nearer, they come; and now—"

"Natameeta," whispered a voice at her
side, and a dark toil-worn figure crept from
the shadows of the lodge. A dress of coarse
bark, rudely woven together, and ragged and
torn with long journeying through the forest,
hung loosely upon a frame that seemed to
have shrunk by some sudden blow, from its
usual proportions. A broken bow and a hunt-
ing knife were slung to his waist by a coil of
twisted bark, and a few useless arrows re-
laxed themselves from the quiver and fell to the
ground, as he emerged from his concealment.
He wore no ornament except a bracelet of
rare shells woven together with long black
hair, and linked with bells of similar work-
manship with those of the young princess.—
His hair, wild and disordered, was matted
with burs, and drawn back from the forehead,
where the cords and veins were swollen with
hideousness, giving to the large eyes, almost
protruding from their sockets, a glimmering
of fearful insanity. A shudder thrilled thro'
the veins of the princess as she gazed on his
trembling spectre, till her eye fell upon the em-
broided bracelet, and then with her face ra-
diant with joy, she sprang forward and lay
upon his bosom, motionless, as if excess of
happiness had deprived her of existence.

"They told me you would wed the Narra-
ganset King," said the Lempeo, winding his
brawny arms still more closely around the
yielding form of the beautiful girl. "They
told me you would wed the Narraganset King,
and fourteen bright suns have seen me toiling
through forests and over prairies to restore the
pledge you gave me here, by the lake side,
under the shadow of the willows," and he
raised her head from its throbbing pillow, and
gazed into her eyes with an expression of
earnest solicitude, as if he would there search
out the truth which he longed, yet so dreaded
to learn. "They told me truly, Natameeta,"
said he, as her eyes quivered beneath his an-
guished look. "You love the Narraganset,
and who should find it out so soon as I? I
give you back your heart—mine I cannot, if
I would recall, for the blood is freezing in
every pore, and I will die praying the Manito
for blessings on your head—for light over
your pathway—for happiness around the
hearth-stone of your wigwam. I will die be-
neath its weight of love, while you in your
happiness, will forget it has ever lived." And
his voice grew tremulous with emotion, and
he strove to unclasp his hands from the grasp
of the princess, before she could see how won-
drously his heart was becoming.

"FORGET YOU?" said she, "never, never
Onceta, I am yours, heart and soul, in life or
death! I have sworn it in the hush of twi-
light, when the wind had rocked the old woods
to sleep. I have sworn it in the deep silence
of night, and the oath went up with the mist
of the enchanted fountain, and was written
among the stars. I have sworn by my mother's
grave—ay, last night, when they told me
I should wed another. I crept down there by
her side, heart-worn and weary, and prayed
that she would come back to me only for one
minute, that I might lay my head on her bosom
and weep. She heard me, Onceta, for even
while I knelt, a bright star came slowly
trailing from the spirit land, and rested in the
flowers upon her grave. Then my heart was
like a bird, for I knew that star was the smile
of my mother, Onceta!"

"Die—dog of the Lempeo," shouted a fierce
voice by the side of the lovers, while a tomahawk
came whizzing by, cutting the moon-beams
in its progress, and burying itself up
to the handle in the tree against which they
leaned.

The Narraganset, wily as he was, had
missed his aim, and exasperated at his failure
with the ferocity of a hungry tiger, he sprang
at the throat of his victim. The contest was
short but terrible. The toil-worn Lempeo was
no equal for the savage. It was but the work
of a moment to crush to the ground and plant
his knee upon the hunter's breast. Stronger
and stronger grew the death-grasp around his
victim's throat, while his own became livid
with the contending passions of malice and
revenge, presenting an awful contrast to the
purple visage of the strangling man.

Another minute, and the victory would
have been complete, but the quick eye of Natameeta
had detected the hunting knife in her lover's
girdle, and with the boldness of determi-
nation which never deserts a woman in peril,
she sprang forward, seized the knife, and was
upon the point of striking, but the Narraganset,
becoming aware of his danger, gave one loud
shout, and with that arrested her arm, and
sent the blood rushing like fire upon her brain.
Fearfully the war-whoop mingled with the

scornful laugh of the Indian, and rolled thro'
the dim aisles of the forest, and fearfully was
it echoed by a thousand savages, who required
but the thought of blood to arouse all the re-
volting passions of their nature. Onward
and onward pressed the flood of human be-
ings, like waves of the sea, agitated by some
dreadful storm. Half naked forms, hideous
in their ghastly madness, were seen through
the crackling bushes. Torches woke up the
sleeping shadows and illuminated the woods
with an awful brilliancy. What was to be
done? The next minute would usher in a
death-song for the hunter—a marriage chant
for the maiden! The thought was too horri-
ble for endurance. Die she might, and that,
too, without a fear, as befitting her daring
race, but to wed the murderer of her lover,
even with the body of that lover lying pale
and ghastly before her—never. It was a de-
perate resolve—an awful resolve for a woman's
hand, that rushed upon her brain with its
maddening influence. She had calculated
upon the chances of an injury sufficient to
prevent his pursuit, but not on the death of
the Narraganset. Now, this was her only
hope of escape, so gathering up her strength
for one desperate trial, she managed by a wily
movement to throw the Indian off his guard,
and before he could recover himself, the knife
was buried in his heart, and without a groan
he fell dead at her feet.

"Up, up, Onceta," said she, as the Indian's
hand loosened in his death struggle from
around the hunter's throat. "Up to the great
fountain. We will die as we have lived,
with our hearts braided together! up to the
charmed waters—see how they glide over the
rocks like a shower of stars from the spirit
land! Those stars shall be our marriage bed
of flowers. The glorious arches that circle
in the mist above them, shall bend over
our pathway as we sail on the home of the
braves. Remember—Natameeta must be
married to-night, and so she will, and her
head pillowed on the bosom of her betrothed
beneath the waters of the enchanted foun-
tain."

"Hark, Onceta, they have scented the blood
of the Narraganset—see where they bend
over him—and now they are on our path—
one effort more, and we are free, Onceta,
free!" and a light silver laugh, which told
anything but terror, chimed in with the deep
bass of the cataract, while the hoarse voices
of their pursuers grew every moment nearer
and nearer; but the lovers heeded them not,
for they were far up the rocks, by the bed
of the waters, launching a fiery canoe of birch
bark, which the pieces had seized and born
along with them in their flight.

It was a glorious night. A night that death
would choose for the eternal spirit-union of
young hearts. A night to fill the soul of in-
tellect with vague longings to pluck the flow-
er of immortality. No wonder, then, that
those vague longings should so fill the hearts
of those simple forest children. Beauty and
sublimity combined to fling a halo of glory
around the wilderness of the scene. Even
the fierce warriors, bent on blood, became si-
lent and subdued, as they rested upon the
rocks and looked out upon the swift wa-
ters of the cataract as far as the eye could
reach, a lake of flowing silver, resting dram-
lingly in the warm light, or gliding onward
and onward, almost imperceptibly nearing
the fatal abyss, till upon the very verge of the
fall, becoming suddenly aware of its danger,
it seemed for a moment to resist the tide, then
then dashing madly over the precipice to be
lost in the gulf below. The moon flung her
beams among the mist that circled above the
waters, and wove it into a thousand gorgeous
rainbows. Living diamonds, sparkled through
the brilliant coloring, and, in the midst of
rainbows and diamonds, as if the angels had
built for them an arch of glory, the fairy bark
of the lovers came gliding down the lake, like
some beautiful spirit floating in the moon-
light.

Firm and erect they stood amidst the gath-
ing gloom—no semblance of fear upon their
faces, no terror in their hearts! Onward and
onward glided this little bark, while its freight
of loving spirits amid the deafening yells of
terrified savages. Once and once only, a
shade of sadness deepened upon the brow of
the princess, for her ear had caught amidst
the chaos of sounds, the wild cry of her father,
but bitter memories crept into her heart
and gathering the fainting form of her lover
more closely to her bosom, as the boat trem-
bled upon the verge of the fall, her last words
came floating back: "To-night Natameeta
must be wedded!" Louder and more melo-
dious swelled the chorus of the waters, as
they closed over this strange scene of love
and death; and brighter and more glorious
grew the tinted arches, as the foam-wreaths
burst their clasp from the brow of Niagara
and scattered their white flowers over the
marriage bed of the "Indian lovers!"

A crowded lecture, the other evening
a young lady standing at the door of the
church, was addressed by an honest Hibernian,
who was in attendance on the occasion,
with, "Indade, Miss, I should be glad to give
you a sate, but the empty ones are all full!"

Marriage may be said to be strong with a
thousand delicate strings. It is our business,
therefore to keep them completely in tune;
for if the least be broken the whole harmony
is destroyed.

A new Jewish synagogue had just been
erected at Cincinnati.

A TRUE SKETCH.

Containing many instructive hints to Mothers
and Daughters.

THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

How few 'look before they leap,' even in
an affair of so much moment as matrimony.
We fear the fault is in our system. We edu-
cate our daughters superficially—for display
rather than to win the heart.

We remember Annette Delisle as a being
of yesterday. She sang well—she danced
well—and in many respects she was a beauty.
Not one of our beauties at the time, for her
form was to slight and sylph-like,—her joy
was to gushing—her spirits to redundant.—
She dressed from early childhood with taste
and elegance, and wore her dark hair in long
ringlets over her shoulders. She had many
friends, and even at sixteen her admirers
were liberal in number and profuse in flattery.
Her mother, a weak and vain woman, was
proud of her daughter—proud of the atten-
tion that her daughter received, and eager to
display her on every occasion. Thus she not
only frequently accompanied her to public
balls, which were then more fashionable
and somewhat more select than at present,
but she permitted her to accept of numerous
invitations to parties, and to mingle almost
sightly during the winter season in the gay
scenes of our metropolis. The father, good-
natured man, was so wedded to business,
that he could not spare time even for the
proper care of his favorite child! Alas! this
good nature in fathers! It sometimes degener-
ates into a sad vice, and it is the source of
misery in after life. The man who lacks the
energy to control his own household, who
is either too negligent or too weak to point
out the true path and to direct the footsteps
of his offspring therein, is guilty of much that
is unpardonable.

But such a father was Mr. Delisle, while
the mother worse if possible, gave the reins
almost wholly into the hands of her daughter,
and was but too fond of hollow and unmean-
ing admiration which the practiced art and
in compliment among the sterner sex are so
apt to bestow upon the vain and empty, wher-
ever older young.

The result of this course upon Annette De-
lisle may well be imagined. While she
sparkled in the ball room, and glittered in the
gay and giddy throng, her mind, and
her morals were neglected. The nuzzes of
the world, its quicksands and its hypocrisy
were unknown to her. She flirted, laughed
and trifled with the many, caught one hour
by a fine form, another by a rich voice, and a
third by a dazzling exterior. And yet in the
depths of that young girl's breast, were rich
and true affections. Properly trained, she
would have graced any circle. Her mind
was good by nature—her spirit was benevo-
lent and cheerful—and many of the lights of
beauty flashed and brightened around her.—
Despite of her artificial manner, and her air of
coquetry, her feelings were deep and strong.
Her being was one of impulse, and her at-
tachments even to her school companions,
were animated by truth and fidelity. Thus
it was when Annette discovered that the so-
ciety of Howard Leroy possessed an unusual
charm for her—that she saw him approach
with pleasure—that she listened with more
than her wonted attention to his remarks—
that she felt the blood mount her cheek at
his compliments—that she found her eyes fol-
lowing as he wandered through the ballroom
—that she sighed his name even in her dreams.

Never can I forget the dashing Leroy. He
was what is usually denominated a handsome
fellow—one of the butterflies of society—a
ladies man, in the general exception, and a
favorite also with his own sex. He rode well,
talked well, and sang an excellent song.—
This latter qualification was in some aspects
a fatal gift, for it introduced him into many a
gay circle from which otherwise he would
have been excluded—made him sought for,
and vain of his voice, and thus won him away
from the more useful pursuits of life. Leroy,
moreover, was more fond of poetry—was
able to quote glowing passages, and had,
withal, a touch of romance in his character,
which served not a little to enhance him in
the estimation of some of his female acquain-
tance. He assumed a remarkable degree of
independence—was rather bold and reckless
in his manner and language, and possessed the
faculty of talking for hours in relation to the
prominent beauties of Moore, Byron and
Bulwer.

These were the traits of character which
won upon the mind and heart of Annette De-
lisle. Her education and mode of life had
fitted her for the arts of such a man. She
fancied him something superior to the ordina-
ry fop—to the mere merchant or shop-keeper.
Leroy became her ardent and enthusiastic ad-
mirer. The fact soon reached the ears of
her father. He roused himself for the mo-
ment, and proceeded to investigate the reali-
ties of the case. Leroy he ascertained to be
an idle, dissolute pretender, and dependent he
feared, upon the gaming table for his means
of subsistence. He was of a good family,
and had received a fair education. But he
had gone astray from the path of rectitude in
early life, and now contrived to appear on the
principal promenades as a fashionable lounge,
but the world wondered how.

The manufacturer was terrified at the
prospect for his daughter, whom he really
loved, but it was too late. Leroy saw the
storm coming, and prevailed upon Annette, by

flattery and misrepresentation, to consent to
a secret marriage. Fondly and long she
clung to the delusion that her husband had
been slandered—that one who could talk so
well, and profess so much, could not be a vil-
lain. He was not one, perhaps, in the usual
interpretation; but we cannot perceive of a
more heartless wretch than the man who de-
liberately deceives and betrays a fond and
confiding woman. Leroy never loved Annette
with a true and exalted affection. He
felt himself bankrupt in fortune, and nearly
so in character, and he was base enough
to become the husband of an unsuspecting
girl, in hope of a dependency upon the bounty
of her father. Described in this, for the
old manufacturer would have nothing to do
with him, he soon threw off the mask. At
first cold and indifferent, he speedily grew
harsh and unkind. True, there were mo-
ments when his better nature prevailed, and
he would endeavor, by apparent contrition
and well turned promises to atone for his
conduct. But they were few and far between
—and diminishing in number as time rolled
on. Strange despite the giddy character of
Annette—despite the little care which had be-
stowed upon her principles, she clung to him
with the true fidelity of woman. She loved
him with her whole soul, and while the pride
of her woman nature repelled the idea of any
public exposure of her situation, and while
she even concealed from her parents much of
the unworthy conduct of Leroy, she still
cherished a belief of his ultimate reform.—
Night after night she sat in her quiet cham-
ber, or gazed earnestly from the window,
in the hope that the form of her husband might
appear before the midnight hour.

Who may paint the agony of her mind at
such moments—the jealous fears that shot
like daggers through her breast, as to his
haunts and society—the apprehension of dan-
ger and of death—the terrible fancies which
mingled him in some dreadful scene at the
gambling table—and, worse than all, the self-
repelled, but still returning conviction, that
the wine cup was to familiar with his lips.

God, in pity look down upon and impart
moral courage to the lonely wives of the world
the deserted ones to whom home is desolate,
whose hearts are breaking slowly, secretly,
string by string—who live only for their little
ones, and because they know it wrong to
plunge unbidden into eternity. Beings who
have ventured their all on earthly happiness,
and have lost all—who have been deceived,
betrayed, and are now deserted. Pity and
console them, Great Creator, for the misery
of requited love, of wounded pride, of crush-
ed affection, of hopeless despair throughout
this life, can only be soothed and softened by
a heavenly influence.

Poor Annette! Step by step her husband
plunged on in the downward path. Ray af-
ter ray departed from the light of her beauty.
Wider and wider became the gulf between
the manufacturer and his son-in-law. But
horror of horrors! the crisis soon came.—
The resource of gambling failed at last with
Leroy, and then—he resorted to fury! ah! he
forged the name of George Delisle, the
father of his wife, and fled the country in or-
der to escape the penalty of his crime.

But a few days have gone by since we saw
Annette. Only five years have elapsed since
her marriage. What a change! The lily has
supplanted the rose—the eye has lost its fire
—the step is buoyancy—the form its grace.—
She is a doomed and broken hearted woman.
Disease had marked her for his own. Loss
of sleep—mental anxiety—the disgrace—the
shame—the ignominy of her husband's career
—were hurrying her rapidly to a premature
grave!

Mothers, be warned! Virtue, Integrity and
Religion are the only safe companions for your
budding and beautiful daughters!

HOW IKE WAS JILTED.

"What's the Squire?" inquired a short,
stout, angry-looking Sucker, who a few days
since walked into a lawyer's office near the
New Market.

"What do you want with the Squire?" in-
quired the man of law, who saw in the coun-
tryman's angry countenance the clear indica-
tion of a prospective law.

"I just want him to get me my rights," said
the sucker. "I've been wadlously chizzled,
'dau-dum' my foolish pictur!—I might have
known that 'Puke' want't to be trusted—I
might hev knowint, 'easy!'"

"State your case," says the lawyer;—"per-
haps I can aid you."

"It's sech an infernal mean case of women
swindlin' that it jest sots my teeth grinnin' to
think on it," says he. "I made an agreement,
after near two years' courtin' Jennima Dar-
sey, that we'd git married at last, and 'sides
settlin' up with her, and carryin' out sweet
things every time I went home from market,
I tuck her out a new calico dress last time,
and a hull lot of muslin to make up new
'under riggin', and a parcell of fixtured fix-
ups, and a few chancy things I needn't men-
tion; well, we agreed—just to do the thing
up me—that we would ride to town with
a lot of produce, in the wagon, sell it out, and
get married on the proceeds. In market I sot
my wagon agin another fellow's; who belongs
to this side of the river somewhar, and durin'
the day told him—consarn him!—what I war
after. He became des'p'rate friendly right off
—and said 'hed do anything he could to help
me, and thinkin' hed be as good as his word,
I left my wagon, and Jennima under his care,

whilst I went to buy a bedstead, and that I put my foot in it, and over my boot top, for when I came back, this sneaking villain had eluded me from market, and carried Jennina off with him.

"Did they leave no message behind them?" inquired the lawyer.

"Oh, yes," said he, "and that was the worst of it—by the way, she told the fellow in the next wagon below me, that I was the 'slovenly fellow' in the whole county—that I had been courted two years before I made my mind up, and that I was so long gone after that 'Jennina,' that she didn't think I'd ever get back in time to use it to any 'useful purpose.' She just concluded, she said, that I was 'too darned slow!'"

"Well, I think you are too, Isaac," said the lawyer, "and if your 'fast' friend pushes along as rapidly as he courted, I think that they have got so far ahead that the law can't help you, now."

As Isaac took his departure, he merely remarked:

"The next gal who gets me in this fix again, will have to get up early, that's all!"

[St. Louis Reville.]

THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

As we rode slowly along in pensive musings upon these scenes of cruelty and crime, of man's inhumanity to man, suddenly the driver reined up the horses at a spot of peculiar wildness, and said, "Here we are at the Devil's Hole! would you like to get out?" We alighted from the carriage, and paying one shilling each for the privilege of passing through a gate, soon stood upon a broad smooth platform of rock, perhaps 100 feet square, from the edge of which we looked down a perpendicular and jagged precipice into the most dreary, dark and gloomy gulf the imagination can conceive. This mysterious gulf or hole, 200 feet in depth, and surrounded by this barrier of rock, up which no foot of man or beast could possibly climb, opened by a small orifice upon the river, and embraced an area of about two acres. As it thus suddenly burst upon us from scenes of the most peaceful rural beauty, it inspired the soul with the deepest emotions of awe. We clung tremblingly to the knarled and stunted cedars, which twined their roots through the crevices in the rocks, and shuddered with horror as looking down, down into that frightful abyss, we were told of a deed worthy of demons, which had conferred on the spot its appropriate name.

In the year 1759, when France and England were contending for dominion upon this continent, a party of 120 British soldiers, with numerous baggage wagons, were conveying provisions and munitions of war down the river, by a rude road through the forest to Fort Schlosser, at the mouth of the Niagara. The French and the Indians, by the side of this horrible gulf formed an ambush. Some obstructions as if natural, were thrown in the way which retarded the progress of the wagons and as they all got crowded together upon the face of the rock, men and horses in confusion, those lying in ambush suddenly poured in upon them a volley of musket balls, and with demonic yell, and gleaming tomahawks sprang upon them from behind every thicket, tree, or projecting rock. The scene which ensued, pandemonium could hardly rival. The wounded horses reared and plunged in terror. Many of the English were killed or severely wounded by the first discharge. The rest, unprepared for action, were thrown into inextricable confusion. The painted savages, filling the forest with hideous yells, like countless fiends with the tomahawk, while the French kept up incessant fire of musketry and crowded men and horses with the bayonet. And thus the whole party, artillery, baggage wagons, horses and men, were driven pell mell over the precipice, and falling 200 feet through the air, were crushed into one mutilated mass upon the rocks below. It was indeed a horrible tragedy. The cry and uproar of the assaults and the assailed, the rattling of musketry, the shrieks of wounded horses, the howling of the terrified cattle and the yells of the Indians, mingling with the deep and solemn roar of Niagara, constituted such a combination of horrors as has rarely been witnessed. The deep shade of the overhanging forest enshrouded the combatants in gloom like that of night, as this scene was enacted. But two of the English escaped. One incensed and bleeding, with his bridle cut, clung to the mane of his wounded horse, and was borne, by the frantic steed, through the shower of bullets and tomahawks which fell upon him from a savage foe. In the depths of the forest he found refuge, and finally regained his friends. Another, crowded off the precipice with struggling horses and baggage wagons and heavy guns was almost miraculously saved by falling into the top of a pine tree, from which, mangled and covered with blood, he descended to the river and clambering along the banks and swimming around the projecting cliffs, he succeeded in reaching Lewiston. Such was the hecatomb offered, upon this altar, to military glory. If a young man thirst for that renown which is to be gathered from fields of blood, let him come to this spot, and in silent musing, surrender his soul to this scene of demonic ferocity, of brutal, savage, merciless butchery it commensurate;—then let him if he can, slake that thirst kindled by infernal fires, with the blood of his fellow man. O God! how long must this tragedy of sin desolate thy fair creation! When shall the spirit of Heaven glow in these human hearts, which thou didst originally form in thine own image. The Devil's Hole! It is to the excited mind, a living, breathing, voracious existence. A soul, a demon's soul haunts its silent depths. We wonder not that the inflamed imagination, unillumined by God's word, should draw trembling votaries to this shrine, to deprecate, with congenial offerings of cruelty and blood, the vengeful spirit it fancies to be lurking there. We wonder not that in the turmoil and the uproar of the midnight storm, howling around the crags, and wailing through the solitudes of the forest, the untutored Indian should yield to the illusion, that the carousings of the gigantic fiend and the shrieks of his victims are falling upon his ear.—J. S. C. Abbott.

A "STRIKE."—A chap in Albany complains that, having married a factory girl, she has been on a strike ever since he took her to his heart and home, as the vicinity of his eyes will testify.

Rev. Samuel Ward, a colored man has been nominated for the New York Assembly by the colored men of Cortland county.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Emilie Girardin.

This great writer produces his profound articles amid the clamor of Deputies and the taking of ballot. Without books of reference, without notes, by the aid alone of his high intelligence and wonderful memory, he produces in a few minutes a treatise of political economy which becomes veritable authority. And speaking of the husband reminds us of the wife, Madame Girardin, whose great play of Semiramis was listened to, among the full audience of other distinguished fashions, by two of the most superb and aristocratic beauties of Paris.

"Charming play!" said one, "isn't it?"

"Yes," said the other, but I was choked with the name of the hero—Antoine! What possessed Madame Girardin to baptize him so vulgarly. Why not call him Oswald or Arthur? My coachman's name is Antoine, and I remembered him of course, every time the name was uttered."

The lovely blonde listener laughed merrily but presently assuming a very serious air she replied:—

"My dear! see how, from a lesser inconvenience you may fall upon a greater! These poor authors do not know what they may stumble on in picking out a name. Suppose the hero's name had been Arthur! That is, if I remember right, the name of your husband, and you may judge how much worse it would be to have him continually brought before you—touch worse than your coachman, eh, my dear?"

"Oh heavens! indeed yes! I would as lief come to the play with him, outright."

How to stay late.

At a late ball in Paris, a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad catarrh and a very charming wife, insisted very inconveniently (at the close of a polka in which the latter's breast-pin was quite too intimately made acquainted with the waistcoat-buttons of a very nice young man) that Madame should take leave, and return to the less objectionable bosom of her family.

"Never mind," she said to her partner, "invite me to dance the next quadrille all the same! I will find a way to stay for it!"

Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentleman's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be recovered.

Anecdote of a Gipsy.

N. P. Willis, in his Home Journal of last week gives the following, which illustrates some of the distinctive habits of that singular race; the gypsies:

"I was on a visit to a friend in a remote county of England, during one of the eleven rainy months of that pluvios kingdom. A servant brought in the news, while we were at breakfast, one day, that a gipsy woman, over a hundred years old, was dying in a lane two or three miles off. It rained as if to show how it could rain—but among the amphibious, one does as the amphibious do, and I waded behind my friend to the spot—the lane in question being to any other vehicle than boots, wholly inaccessible.

Under a mud-bank, sheltered by a single blanket drawn over three sticks, we found a tamboine, several crusts of bread, and a heap covered with wet straw. At a touch with an umbrella, the centurion started from under the straw, and with only a coarse cloth around her hips, sat upright. It was, indeed, a suit of soul-clothes worn too long. She looked less like a woman, than like a skin out of which a woman had been taken. After some questions which seemed gradually to bring her mind round again, my friend proposed to have her carried to a house.

"Never!" she said; "I should die under a roof in five minutes!" "But," said he, "it is going to snow!" This seemed to confirm a foreboding. She pulled up the straw around her naked waist, and lay down again, murmuring with a tone of unexcited despair that was singularly impressive:—"Come snow, I'm a lost woman!"

We could get no more words from her, and my friend, thinking it best to send a litter and take her to a place of shelter, we left immediately to attend to it. On the way we met her husband, returning from the village, a stout man of about forty years of age! She was cared for, but died with the coming of snow, that night, as she had predicted. The neighbors, to whom she was well known, said she was a hundred and ten. Alas! what an unceremonious leave-taking of a second century in life!

On our way home, my friend mentioned to me some particulars as to gipsy habits and history, which I record herewith, in the way of sundries—presuming they will be new to most readers, and, therefore, better confusedly saved than lost altogether. The gipsy women are always several shades darker than the men, and the whole race has grown gradually lighter colored since their emigration from Asia under the persecution of Timur Boy. They had formerly titles among themselves, such as Lord, Count and Duke, but he stowed without any reference to the wealth of the individual, and for personal superiority alone. The name for a very aged man or woman was King or Queen. They are fond of the flesh of unclean animals, and prefer those which have died a natural death, declaring that what God kills is better than what is killed by man. The name of gipsy is offensive to them, except used by friends in endearment. Among themselves they are rigidly punctual in the payment of debts, and have a debt called *pitcharis*, which doubles the debt or adds personal servitude to it, if it is not paid when it is due. Once a year they visit the graves of near relatives, usually at Christmas, and drink freely there. They have but one regular meal a day, and however other things may be wanting, tea is indispensable, and they are very seldom without it. The emblem of the race are a half-moon, seven stars and the rising sun."

Thirteen Congregational and eight Baptist missionaries embarked for the East on Tuesday morning, in the ship Bodewitch at Boston.

DEATH OF COMMODORE BIDDLE.

Commodore James Biddle, of the United States Navy, died in Philadelphia on Sunday night, the first instant, of a disease contracted during his last cruise to China, thence to the Pacific, and home. His age was sixty-five. He served his country faithfully for a long series of years. Of his eventful life the New York Express gives the following particulars:

"He entered the Navy as Midshipman February 12th, 1800, and received a captain's commission just eighteen years after that time. He was on board the Constellation when captured by the Tripolitans, when that unfortunate vessel struck a rock on her Mediterranean cruise. He was 19 months a prisoner, and was made a Lieutenant, and served on the Southern coast in command of one of the famous gun boats. In 1812 he went on board the Wasp, as first Lieutenant, and was honored with the command of the prize schooner Procle, after participating in the brilliant engagement between the two vessels, Pennsylvania gave him her thanks for his bravery, and voted him a sword, and the Government placed him as Master Commandant on board the Hornet. He endured for a time a vexatious blockade at New London, but escaped it by vigilance, and reached New York in 1816. Under his command, the Hornet was sent to the East Indies; on the voyage he captured the British war brig Penquin, after an engagement in which the gallant commander was wounded in the neck. He was soon chased by a British ship-of-war, and his vessel being crippled he escaped, and after refitting at San Salvador returned to New York, where he was honored with a public dinner, and after refitting at San Salvador returned to New York, where he was honored with a public dinner, and to Philadelphia, where he was presented with a service of plate. In 1817 he was sent to the Columbia river, in the Ontario sloop of war, to take possession of the Oregon territory. In 1822 he went to the West India station, in the frigate Macedonian, and was subsequently placed on the same station in the frigate Congress, in 1824. From 1826 to 1828 he spent in a cruise on the South American station, and in 1832 he returned from Constantinople, whither he had gone for the purpose of signing the commercial treaty with Turkey. From 1835 to 1842, he was in charge of the naval asylum near Philadelphia, but was subsequently placed in command of the Pacific squadron, and returned in March last, on board his flagship, the Columbus."

SCIENTIFIC MEMORANDA. Upon the purity of the atmosphere the health of the inmates of a house depends. There is consequently a great deal of science in the heating of rooms. Rooms heated with anthracite coal, and rooms heated with close stoves in which wood is burnt, have very dry atmospheres. The use of water in such rooms is very congenial to health, but the water should not be placed in an iron or tin vessel upon the stove, for the reason that it will undergo the degree of heat which will make its vapors offensive and injurious to breathe. If water is used upon a stove, (and it always should be, in parlor or kitchen) an iron pan should be made use of, and this filled with dry sand, and in the sand set an earthen bowl, washed and kept as clean as if it were used for a drinking vessel. Where hard coal is used in a grate, a globe should be suspended in the room filled with water and as the heated air rises to the top of the room, it will speedily evaporate the water, and moisten the dry and heated air. If the atmosphere of salt water vapor is preferred, a little salt can be added to the water, or if an aromatic atmosphere, they can add Cologne water or some other perfume. Ladies, try this method of perfuming the air of your rooms.

A GOOD ONE.—In the present day when old bachelors have become so serious an evil as to need legislative interference, we think that the following expedient, adopted by a lady in Connecticut, for ridding a desperate age, will afford an excellent hint to some of our statesmen towards an effectual remedy. The circumstances are these:—A young lady became extravagantly fond of a young lawyer in the neighborhood, who treated her partially with great levity. Finding herself rather hopeless and being fully determined to enter the state of matrimony at some rate or other, she adopted the following plan: All at once she was taken ill, and her malady seemed to threaten death; at this crisis she sent for the young lawyer to draw her will, and to his astonishment she disposed of an enormous estate, in legacies and endowing public institutions. She shortly after, however, recovered to enjoy her own wealth, and the young lawyer began to feel something like love for her; his addresses became constant, and his attentions marked; in fact in a short time they were married—but alas! he had to take the will for the deed.

When the compromise committee on the Oregon Bill were in session at Washington, it will be recollected that they were engaged in their deliberations several days, and that great interest was manifested by the public to learn the result of their labors. While curiosity was thus on tip-toe, some of the outsiders it is said, attacked Senator Clark, of Rhode Island, one of the committee, when he came home to dinner at his boarding house one day, and by cross questions attempted to extract something from him. Mr. Clark for a long time evaded all queries, but at last told his inquirers that one thing had transpired in the committee, which, as it was of great importance, he would divulge although in doing so, he should violate the rules of the committee. A proposition, (he said) had been made by one of the committee to extend the Ordinance of 67 over the State of New-Hampshire!—and it would have been inevitably adopted had not Mr. Calhoun arose in great excitement, declaring that New-Hampshire was one of the most reliable slave States, and that he would leave the committee if the resolution were presented!

One of the fair bathers at Newport, last season, received the sonnet of the "diving bells," for her wonderful aquatic performances.

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1848.

WINTER LECTURES.

Long Winter evenings will very soon make their appearance, and no arrangements have yet been made for passing them pleasantly and profitably. This should be attended to immediately by those whose duty it is to move in such matters. Why can we not have a course of lectures? There is no visible reason, we are sure! There certainly are individuals among us who are capable of giving interesting and beneficial discourses, if they would but lend a little attention to the subject; and by occasionally sending out of town by way of giving variety, a series of weekly lectures might be obtained at trifling expense, which would prove of incalculable benefit. Wholesome truths might thus be proclaimed, scientific principles illustrated, error combated, and much general good inculcated. Good lectures are the readiest mode by which to improve the manners, and refine and elevate the public taste.

Pastime of some kind is essential to the well-being of mankind. The mind is never stationary; it must be exercised either for better or for worse. It is ever searching for new objects, and if good ones are not presented, evil ones will certainly be seized upon. It is all-important, then, that some measure should be taken for diverting the youth during the long winter evenings,—especially when so many inducements are held out upon every hand to allure them into false pleasures! It is a duty imperative upon those who profess to guard the public morals, to begin to reflect and act upon this subject. We believe that if a course of instructive lectures could be started, the interest might be kept up throughout the winter.

Wearing Flannel.

Everything that encourages our woollen manufacturers, and promotes the general health of our people, is equally of national importance. If in this changeable and rigorous climate, all were to wear flannel, particularly narrow chested and delicate females, it would be of the greatest benefit to their health and save them from many a fit of sickness.

It is well known that woollen clothes, such as flannels, worn next to the skin, promote insensible perspiration. May not this arise principally, from the strong attraction which subsists between wool and the watery vapor which is continually issuing from the human body. It is astonishing that the custom of wearing flannel next the skin, should not have prevailed more universally; it is certain it would prevent a number of diseases, and there certainly is no greater luxury than the comfortable sensation which arises from wearing it, after one is accustomed to it. It is a mistaken notion that it is too warm clothing for summer; it may be worn in the hottest climates, at all seasons of the year, without the least inconvenience arising from wearing it. It is the warm bath of a preparation, confined by a linen shirt, wet with sweat, which renders the summer heat of southern climates so insupportable; but flannel promotes perspiration, and favors its evaporation, as it is well known, produces positive cold. I can vouch for the truth of every word of this. I wear the same kind of flannel all summer that I do in the winter, with sleeves; when I take extra exercise and perspire freely, my body and flesh is always cool and comfortable; and in part I owe it to wearing flannel, that I have never had either fever or ague in this western country, which is full of it. All this may seem trivial and sanitary rules be disregarded, but it is of the utmost importance to all.

Old people, delicate women and children, and above all, consumptive people, ought to wear drawers, as well as a flannel waist-coat; if this was adopted, the great sickness which prevails in the United States, would be much diminished. Men drink spirituous liquor to increase the animal heat, and feel that glow which is called comfortable. Let them wear flannel next to their skin, instead, and keep the body warm and the head cool.

Leap Year.

The ladies in this vicinity seem to have been unparadoxically dull during their 'jubilee year.' It is quite true, however, that their memory was again jogged, and they were bestirring themselves. But a few short weeks more, and the transitory power in them rested will depart. We fear many of them, of a doubtful age, will find themselves still in a state of "single" wretchedness when the door of probation shall again be closed, and the "string of the latch pulled in;" a sad pity it would be to have the poor souls compelled to linger four mortal years longer without a comforter, or companion to share their joys and sorrows. We hope however, that they will all be provided for; but the prospect is rather dubious, we must confess.

NEWSPAPER HUMBUGS. Some "enterprising" newspaper publishers have offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best written original tale furnished for their columns. It is a little amusing to see how easily some intelligent people are "gulled." This "Prize Story" business is one of the most humbuggish that was ever palmed off upon stolid ignorance, and it is time that the public took notice of such imposition.

LOSS OF THE WHALE SHIP MOBILE OF NEW BEDFORD AND TEN LIVES. The whaling bark Fairy, which arrived at Provincetown on Thursday evening, fell in with the 231 ult, lat. 40. lon. 54, the wreck of the whale ship Mobile, of and from New Bedford, 7th ult, for the Pacific Ocean, and took off twelve persons. The M. was struck by a sea when seven days out, which threw her on her beam ends, carried away all her topmasts, and filled her instantly with water, washing overboard Capt. Long, the first officer, (Mr. Stewart of Maine, aged 23), a boat steerer, (a Portuguese by birth), and seven men. The Fairy landed them at Provincetown. One account reports the number of lives lost at eleven, viz: the captain first officer, carpenter, boat steerer and seven men.

A gold mine has been discovered in Porto Rico.

The Water Celebration.

NEXT Wednesday will be a great day for Boston. The introduction of water into the city from Lake Cochituate is to be celebrated in grand style. Boston is never niggardly in such matters, and arrangements have been made for this occasion by the City Government upon the most liberal scale. All classes and conditions,—

"From prattling childhood to hoary age," we predict will be well represented. Government Officers, Judges, Clergymen, Members of the Bar, Editors and the Medical Faculty; Odd Fellows, Masons, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, Military and Fire Companies, Mechanics' Associations, Benevolent Societies, and even those who cannot claim connection with any corporate body, will all have appropriate places assigned them in the procession, and receive their due share of attention.

In all probability this will bring together a larger concourse of people from all parts of the Union, than have ever before assembled in Boston. This season of the year is particularly advantageous for such a gathering. A fine opportunity is presented to those who wish to attend from this vicinity, as three steamers leave here on Monday previous to the celebration, which can easily accommodate all who desire to go; and what is better, fare is remarkably low just now!

Bloppment in High Life.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and the following case of an elopement goes to prove the adage. The poor widow is to be pitied for getting "done out" of a husband—and by her own daughter, too! It is scandalous.

"A rich widow in Cincinnati has just been done out of a husband. Her family are worth \$800,000, and it is no marvel that she had a beau. But she had also a daughter, who was courted by a brother of her lover. The lover of the girl was sent to Texas, where he died, and the young lady to a boarding-school. On this was done to break up the match. On the 10th of her lover, the young lady threatened to retire to a convent, she was, however, persuaded to return home, and then her father that was-to-be represented to her what a pity it would be that such a pretty girl should "Go to a nunnery to pine away and die"—so she concluded to marry him, and they ran off together. The widow is in hot pursuit of her daughter and the gentleman who was to have married her. But who, it seems, has found mutual more attractive."

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

This popular periodical has just closed its second volume. It has sustained its character well the past year; the closing numbers are as rich as the opening ones. This publication has a tendency to do much in elevating the national taste, by the diffusion of instructive and sound literature, in the place of that mass of cheap publications with which the market is flooded, which only deprave the heart and weaken the understanding—which leave no trace or impression whereby the reader may be made wiser or better. A new volume will be commenced immediately, and those who desire a faithful picture of all the noblest efforts made in the great world of European literature, should send in their names, at once, to the publishers, Messrs. CROSBY & NICHOLS, No. 111 Washington St., Boston. Terms, \$3.00 per year.

Great Fire in Nashua, N. H.

A fire was discovered in the basement story of Central Building, Nashua, about 5 o'clock this morning, and in a few moments the whole building was in flames. The basement was occupied for a store-house, the first floor by the large clothing store of N. Tuttle & Co., a large restorator and a shoe store, the contents of which were all consumed. The second floor by the "Nashua Telegraph" office, and a tailor's shop; and the remainder of the building by five or six families. Also the Baptist meeting-house, corner of Franklin and Main streets, and three dwelling houses and a dye house on Franklin street. It then crossed Main street to the building owned by the Wilton Railroad Co., a store owned by G. Shattuck, and a building occupied as a tin shop—thence to the Nashua and Lowell Railroad building, destroying a portion of it until checked by a brick wall partition. Loss estimated at about \$50,000—probably one third covered by insurance.—Thursday Sketcher, G. Falls.

FROM CALIFORNIA. Mr. B. Chouteau arrived at Santa Fe on the 15th of August, from California. He left on the 4th of July. Mr. Chouteau reports that the American troops stationed at Fort La Paz were attacked, a short time before he left, by about 200 Sonorians, and that the Americans, about sixty in number, were obliged to fall back upon the fortifications. No list of killed or wounded was received, and the battle was not regarded as a very important affair. Business is represented as dull.

The New York volunteers were not satisfied with the country, and most of them were expected to return home. Robberies were frequent on the road from Los Angeles San Francisco. The bands of robbers were made of American deserters and Indians, and so formidable that the troops were sent out to hunt them. Mr. Chouteau reports that a man found two pieces of virgin gold near San Francisco, California, worth \$2500.

THE SAVANNAH PINE TIMBER. The following extract from Dempsey, Frost and Co.'s Price Current of Timber, Liverpool, 18th August, 1848, will show in what estimation the Savannah River Pine is held in that market:

PITCH PINE. The only description of this wood suitable for our market appears to be such as is imported from Savannah, which would be of quite fresh and well manufactured. Such is now worth 20 1-2 per foot; the wood generally brought from Charleston and other ports is mostly of such inferior quality that it is quite unsaleable unless at exceedingly low prices.

We notice that FRED. W. NICHOLS, of Portland, has been appointed Post Route Agent between that city and Boston.

People in this region will have to live with out potatoes this winter—at least they ought to, for what few are brought to market are not fit to eat; they are so much diseased as to be, in the opinion of many, injurious to health. (Bridford Herald.)

Mr. Hawkins' Lecture.

On Sunday evening, drew forth a larger audience than it has been our pleasure to see assembled in town for a long time; but it is quite evident that more attended from curiosity to see the speaker, than from any deep interest they felt in the cause of temperance. Mr. H. addressed the multitude with his usual warmth and ardor, and drew the usual quantity of tears from the tender-hearted. His zeal in the cause seems now to abate, but rather to strengthen and grow as each successive year of sobriety and happiness works its influence upon him. He is but one of the living monuments of the Washingtonian reformation; and has been the instrument, in the hand of a higher Power, of effecting much good. We trust he may long continue in his laudable efforts, and live to a good old age to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

For the Gazette.

Fire-wood.

We think it high time the law regulating the measurement of wood and bark, should be enforced. It is a just and equitable law, alike to the purchaser and seller, and we cannot for the life us, see any good reason why it should not be obeyed. We say just, because a man gets what he pays for, and no more.—The custom adapted, of "guessing" at the quantity and giving so much for the "Load," will do very well, for shrewd, business men; but it must be remembered, there are many consumers of fire-wood in this village, who are not shrewd business men, but are poor women, widows, and old people, and many others, whose business is such, as to prevent them from bartering and guessing at the load. We say let the law be enforced, and then, the buyer and seller will stand on equal ground. Are not sworn measurers of wood and bark the right ones to see to it? VINCENY.

SPICE.

There has been a great fire in Pensacola, Fla.

A Savings Bank has been instituted in Augusta.

He that never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his mistakes.

Dickens is writing another Christmas story, for which, it is stated, he is to receive five thousand pounds.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great—EXCEPT WAGES, SOCKS.

Speaking of apples, it is rather remarkable that the first apple in paradise should have tured out the first pear!

The Boston Post thinks that if old Zach is going to sweep the State of Maine, he'd better begin to sprinkle.

A self-acting steam pump has been invented, which it is asserted will render the explosion of boilers impossible. Such an invention is a desideratum.

An old taper being questioned as to his knowledge of a cotton gin, replied that it was very good, but not equal, in his estimation, to the pure Holland."

On Saturday last there were sixty-two clearances at the Boston Custom house, a larger number than ever before cleared at that port in one day.

The members of the democratic county and ward committees of Boston, have selected Benjamin F. Hallett as the democratic candidate for congress from the first district.

The quantity of flour burnt up on the pier at the late fire in Albany, was 15,000 barrels; which being placed endwise would extend over nine miles, the same being two feet deep and as many wide.

An attempt was made at St. Louis last week to fire three churches. Bunches of combustible materials were placed at the doors of each, and set fire to, but fortunately burnt out without doing any material injury.

The news by the steamer Europa, which arrived at New York on the evening of the 14th ult., was published in the New Orleans papers on the morning of the 15th.

Treat their slaves like their own children, indeed!" said Mr. Portington, as he heard the above remark made: "well, there's no reason why they shouldn't, if all stories are true.

Runaway Slaves are arriving daily at Cincinnati about "a day in advance of the males," their masters, who come in pursuit.

There is now living in the State of New York two men, brothers, whose united weight is 656 pounds—one weighing 344 pounds, the other 312.

Out of every hundred persons in England, forty cannot write their names. In Massachusetts, but one in every two hundred is in this condition.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Herald under date of September 20th, says General Cavaignac is cast down in despair, having lost in a great degree, his influence with the Assembly, and well knowing that the army has an invincible antipathy to his opinions.

A fashionable newspaper in London thus tells the young ladies how to make their hair wavy. It is too important an affair to be limited to any one country! So here goes—Dress the hair with water, and plait it in three or four plaits every night. It will then take the wavy form, though combed and brushed next morning."

WESTERN VIRGINIA. The Winchester Virginian states that a large number of emigrants have passed through that town within a month past, principally bound for that noble region, Western and Northwestern Virginia. That country is advancing at a giant pace. New towns are rising and old forests are falling in almost every part of it.

FISHY. The Greenock Advertiser chronicles a very remarkable fish story. It is headed "An honest Codfish," who having swallowed a bunch of keys, which the skipper of a ship had by accident dropped into the water, was caught by the same skipper, six weeks afterwards, at a spot 100 miles distant, and while gazing on the deck in its last agonies, threw up the aforesaid bunch of keys, and also to make the restitution complete, a penknife belonging to a brother skipper.

The British government have offered ours through Mr. Bancroft, an entire reciprocity in postage. They ask that the ocean postage shall not only be equally reduced, but also our land postage to a rate similar to their own. This last proposition, however, causes the hitch in the arrangement.

A RACE JOKE.—An exchange says that if G. W. Dixon had not been shamefully belated in his Yucatan expedition, he might have been running for President. The New-York Star replies, that if he had "not" been belated in that expedition, he would probably be running for—his life.

LINE ROCK GAZETTE.

A Family Journal:
Devoted to Literature and General Intelligence.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN PORTER.

TERMS.—One Dollar and fifty cents per Year, in advance; or two Dollars when payment is delayed until the close of the Volume.

DUNNING. We notice that many of our brethren of the press are dunning their patrons after the "tallest kind," some of them using such words as "must" and "will." Don't know how they can have effrontery to demand their pay. As for ourselves, all we should dare to say if we were hard pressed, (and we were never more so than at this time,) would be, that we should esteem it as a "personal favor," if those indebted to us would call and settle; gently hinting that the additional fifty cents made rather heavy interest.

ELECTION RETURNS.

OHIO.—A despatch received in New York, 15th, from Ohio says that Weller has been elected Governor, and a democratic Legislature has been elected. Another despatch says that Franklin and Delaware counties have elected whig representatives, which gives the majority on joint ballot to the whigs. Other despatches from Ohio indicate the election of Weller, but give the whigs a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature.

The Boston Traveller of Monday evening has the following additional returns from Ohio:—

The vote for Governor is very close between Ford, whig, and Weller, democrat.—The whigs, however, have a majority of 1 or 2 in the Senate, and 4 in the House.

The Washington Union says that the result in Ohio is doubtful, and thinks the official vote will be necessary to decide who is Governor.

The Union concedes, however, that the whigs have carried the Legislature, which secures to that party a Senator in place of Mr. Allen, democrat.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Wilmer's majority for Congress, in Bradford is about 3400, and Longstreth has 450 majority. In Susquehanna the majority for Longstreth is 700.

In fourteen towns in Luzerne county, Longstreth is only 145 ahead. Butler, for Congress, and both the whig candidates for the Assembly are from one to two hundred ahead.

In Susquehanna, the vote for Canal Commissioners, and most of the county ticket, runs nearly the same as the vote for Governor.

In Bradford county, the democratic majority has been reduced to 200, and the whig ticket is elected.

Johnston's majority so far as heard from is 5400.

The House stands probably 50 whigs to 40 democrats. The Senate stands 21 whigs to 12 democrats.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Boston Traveller says that Holmes, Coleman, Wallace, Woodward, Burr, and probably Orr and McQueen are elected to Congress. For the Legislature Georgetown has elected 2 Taylor men and 1 Cues man.

GEORGIA.—The Charleston (S.C.) Mercury says: "We have returns from 84 counties, and these show a gain on the democratic vote of last year, when the majority was 1299. The democratic majority in the popular vote will be not less than 3400."

Florida is conceded to have gone whig by from five hundred to one thousand majority.

The Traveller of Tuesday evening contains additional telegraphic reports, but of so contradictory a character that no confidence can be had in them. We have but little doubt however, that the Democrats have carried Ohio. The Whig majority in Pennsylvania are much reduced yet leaving this State in the hands of the Whigs.

We are indebted to the Clerks and Agents of the Steamers Penobscot, Governor, State of Maine, and Peace for papers in adv. of Mail. Gentlemen accept our thanks—and may your favors never be less. The Messrs Andrews, Express Agents, will please consider themselves included in the above expression of gratitude.

At the October Term of the Western District Court, SEAWALL C. STROUT, of Portland, was admitted to practice in all the Courts of the State. If his talent is equal to his ambition, success is inevitable.

The Free Soil party in this State have nominated for Electors at Large—Joseph Adams of Portland and Manly B. Townsend of Alexander. District Electors—1, John J. Perry—2, James Appleton—3, E. K. Holmes—4, Calvin Gorham—5, Drummond Farnsworth—6, Franklin Muzzey—7, William A. Crocker.

PURSE SILE. A colored gentleman who was leading a dog yesterday in the Lover, stopped the sable cock of one of our steamers with the question:

"Jaky, what's de Bullido?"

"In de State of Canada," answered Jaky with a geographical shake of the head.

"Well, what is dis free all de politics de white folks is startin' dar—is it going to help de colored people?" inquired the dryman.

"Oh course," says Jaky, "dis last movement is 'specially for settin' de soil free—but is, settin' de corn and cotton plantations goin' whar dey please—now, de niggers hein' niggers to do soil, which means blengin' it to de course when de soil goes dry too; jess like, when you start de corn, ob course you follow him darfore, when you dechase de land free, you gals de colored people a general puss to take demselves off jess as dat as dey can aheh, heah! In, yah!"

"Ah, ah, dat's it eh? Well, I sees through dat now; dat's jess as plain, dat is, as a colored man in de dark—I is gwine to let dat last movement—I is." [St. Louis Reville.

If the happiness of others is not motive enough for kind words, we may find a motive in their influence on ourselves. We shall become kind, not only in our speech, but in our manners and our hearts.

An Irish sailor, when he turned into his hammock at night, always delivered himself of the following prayer:

"Never murdered any man, and no man ever murdered me—so God bless us all mankind!"

BY THIS MORNING'S BOAT.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Steamer Britannia.

The steamer Britannia arrived at New York Tuesday noon. The news received is of no great importance.

France seems quiet, and the events of the Revolution flow on in rapid and interesting succession. Another crisis has been got over without an appeal to arms in the streets of Paris. The government candidates have all been elected. Prince Louis Napoleon has taken his seat in the National Assembly. On taking his seat, the Prince delivered a speech, in which he declares his devotedness to the French Republic.

On the 16th a new collision took place between the two popular parties at Naples, and another was expected at to take place in St. Januario.

The South of Ireland continues tranquil and the marauding parties who have lately been on the hills appear to have withdrawn to their homes. Arrests continued to be made. Mr. Duffy, the literary supporter of the Nation newspaper, has given himself up to the Government.

News by the Overland mail from India is highly favorable in a political and military point of view. Lieut. now Major Edwards, has fought another battle, almost under the walls of Moultan, and achieved a decisive victory.

The Markets were steady in Liverpool.—Flour quoted at 92s a 35s 6d; Meal 17s a 18s; Corn 34s a 37s per 450 lbs; Wheat, U. S. red 8s a 8s 4d. Cotton sales for the week, 26,978, 80 American, at 8 1-2 a 8 3-4, middling quality.

In Buffalo the potato tops grow finely, but they have no bottoms. The growers make about as much out of their crops as the Irishman did out of his. A yankee and Pat owned a farm together—and it was agreed to divide the products equally. When near the time of harvesting potatoes, the yankee made Pat an offer, "Which half will you have, the tops or bottoms?" "Tarpus," said Pat, and they were accordingly given him. In a short time the corn was ripe, and a similar offer was made to the Irishman. "By Saint Phidrick," said Pat, "ye'd be ather chargin' me out of the corn, too, for divil a bite of praters did I git—but I'll fix yer this time—I'll take ther tarpus and barmans, too!" The tops and bottoms were given to him, leaving the ears to the yankee.

MEN OF PROPERTY. Neglect not the first symptoms of that dread disease, Consumption, for it is a disease to which you are particularly liable. Neglect not the long-continued and obstinate Cough—soreness of the Chest and Lungs, Pain in the side, Difficulty of Breathing—and other well known signs of Consumption—be warned in time and seek a remedy. Such a remedy is the HUNTERIAN BALM OF LIFE, discovered by Dr. Buchanan of London, England, and now introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor. By the use of this remedy, Consumption, even in some of its most dangerous forms, may be effectually cured. Rely upon the Hunterian Balm, as you are safe. Neglect it, and the fate we have warned you against may be your own.

David F. Brandlee & Son, sole agents for the U. States, 13th Washington-st, Boston.

For sale by C. A. Macomber, E. Thomaston & T. Fogg, Thomaston.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY has been well described as the greatest temporal blessing which can be enjoyed by a human being and no medicine has ever been invented more conducive to the preservation of corporeal and mental health, than

Rev. B. Hibbard's Anti-Bilious Pills. On sea or land, in all climates and at all seasons, amid the close air of our crowded cities, the miasma of southern swamps, the malaria of the term edicates of Mexico, or the deadly night dews of the West Indies, they will be found an aperient and anti-bilious medicine of wonderful potency and power. To the sedentary and the active, to him who remains a fixture, and to him who wanders in far off lands or settles in new countries where the elements of death are rife, an habitual recourse to these Pills will prove the surest safeguard against disease. The use in health, as a preventive of disease, and a regulator of the system, is from a quarter to a half a Pill each morning on going to bed. As a curative, two or more pills may sometimes be necessary. These Pills, from their extraordinary purifying and corrective properties, should be universally used.

For sale by R. T. Slocumb, E. Thomaston and Druggists and dealers generally in Maine. (4-30)

MARRIAGES. We will walk this world Yoked in all exercise of noble ends.

In Belfast, 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Ricker, Mr. Thomas S. Shute, of Seaport, to Miss Louisa Sherman of Seaport.

In Lebanon, Mr. Robert I. Walker of Somersworth, to Miss Melville M. Chamberlin of L. At the U. S. Consulate, Antwerp, Belgium, Sept. 7th, by Rev. E. Willard, Rev. Thomas T. Devan, M. D., to Miss Emma E. Clark, all of the American Baptist Mission to France.

DEATHS. Sure the last and Of the good man is peace.

In Portland Miss Sophia Ward, aged 51 years. In Keene, N. H., 4th inst., Miss Mary L., wife of Hon. James Wilson, aged 59.

On board brig Emma Preston, on the passage from St. Martins to New York, 29th ult., Charles Gott, first officer, aged 10, of Brooksville, Me.

At Elsinore, of Asiatic Cholera, after an illness of 20 hours, Capt. George Henry, master of barque Darling and Brothers, and son of John Henry Esq., of Bath.

GAZETTE MARINE LIST. Port of East Thomaston.

Arrived. 13th, sch Delaware, Holbrook, Boston. Patriot, Bucklin, do.

14th, sch Hedd, do. 15th, sch Nourmahal, do. 16th, sch Betsey Pierce, Kendall, Boston. brig Patrick Henry, Ingraham, do.

sch Rath Thomas, Hopkins, do. brig Hamlet, Robinson, Lisbon, via Thom.

Sailed. 16th, sch Delaware, Holbrook, New York. Isaac Achorn, Cruckett, do. Maize, Hanson, do. Patriot, Bucklin, do.

Neaport—At 10th, Texas, Bride and Cordelia, hence for New York.

Neponset—In port sch Gen. Kims, Harrington, Portland—At 16th, sch Lepelletier, Shipper New York.

New York—At 10th, sch Eagle, Haskell, 11th schs Trenton, Leo, Eliza Jane and Coral, hence. Boston—At 13th brig Joseph, Wooster, Philadelphia, sch John, Sleeper, Richmond.

New Orleans—sch Adv brig Galtner, Ellings for Boston, nearly all cargo engaged. At 5th brig Tartan, locally, 12th.

Richmond—At 10th, sch Lightfoot Sleeper, Boston.

New York—At 12th, Fern, Hearn, 14th, Jano, Robinson, and Challenge, Foster, Thomaston.

Disaster—Sch Franklin, Stearns, at New Haven 10th, from Thomaston, was in contact with the ship, off Stratford, with a large schooner, the Franklin's mainmast was carried away, fore-sail, main-sail and jib split into ribbons, and the vessel otherwise seriously injured, leaving her a mere wreck. Nothing reported of the other vessel.

TO MARINERS. The Light Boat Station, stationed at the Sow and Pigs, Vineyard Sound, paroled her cables in the Northern blow from 11th inst., and was towed to Holmes' Hole same evening, by pilot boat Pellet.

NEW SINGING BOOK! Just in Season for the Winter Schools.

A Collection of Music compiled by Rev. D. H. MANFIELD, in three parts.

The First contains more than Two Hundred of the most valuable and popular Church tunes new and old. These tunes have been selected with the utmost care not only with regard to the music, but also with a special view to suit the various metres found in the hymn books used in the different evangelical denominations. It includes, also, a large number of Anthems and Solo pieces.

The Second Part is designed especially for social worship, class and prayer meetings, and contains, arranged in full harmony, all that is valuable of the music for the Vestry ever published in this country. It consists, in part, of the most admired Scottish and Irish melodies, arranged expressly for this work, and accompanied with appropriate sacred poetry. This division of the work embodies the choicest music now known, together with many pieces never before published.

The Third Part contains the highest Vestry music of the past and present time, consisting of spirited devotional melodies, chiefly in full harmony, a few of which they may not so well bear the test of criticism, are nevertheless beautiful, popular and useful, and will be sung as long as revivals continue.

Published by C. H. PEIRCE, 3 Cornhill, Boston. For sale by J. WAREFIELD, East Thomaston; H. G. O. Washburn, Belfast, and W. Lewis, Bangor.

Polish your Stoves and Grates! By the use of BROWN'S FENCIBLE PASTE, in one minute after application, and it becomes dry, you can by the use of a brush polish (lustre that will surpass all other preparations in point of lustre, and will not burn off like most preparations now in use; also you avoid most of the dust which you suffer by, in making use of British Lustre or black lead. It is put up in rolls of convenient form.

For Sale in East Thomaston by R. T. Slocumb—dealers can be supplied at wholesale in Boston by W. Brown, Silas Pierce & Co.; Dana, Evans & Co.; Wm. Stearns & Co.; Warsaw, Pierce & Co.

Quadrill Band. MR. JOHN COLLINS, Leader of the East Thomaston Brass Band, and for the last seven years a member of the Boston Brass and Cornet Bands, would respectfully give notice to the citizens of East Thomaston and vicinity, that he is prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Assemblies, private parties, &c.

Also, for sale, a large collection of Music arranged for Brass and Cornet Bands. Orders addressed to John Collins, East Thomaston, will be punctually attended to.

Oct. 17th, 1848. 2m39

Notice. THE Selection of Thomaston will be in session at East Thomaston on Thursday, Nov. 2d, at the store of F. Harten & Son from 10 to 4 o'clock on said day, for the purpose of closing up the unfinished business of the Old Town of "Thomaston." All persons having demands against said town are requested then and there to present the same.

R. JACOBS, J. W. DODGE, J. BURGESS, } Selection. Thomaston Oct. 15th 1848. 38

Clothing, Clothing. THE subscriber having spent the last ten days in Boston purchasing his goods for Cash, is prepared to offer the largest assortment of Clothing ever brought into this market.

His Stock consists in part of the following articles:—Heavy Plaid Coats, Light do, Broad & Beaver Cloth Sacks, Tuxedo & Colored do, Surtouts, dress and frock Coats, India Rubber & Buffalo Coats. Pants and Vests of all descriptions. Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Umbrellas, &c. &c.

ALSO Constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Scarfs, Under Shirts and Drawers. Cravats, Suspenders. Hdkfs, Gloves and Mittens. Stocks, Self-adjusting stocks. Hosiery, Ready-made Linen.

GUNS AND PISTOLS. Gun Locks, Tubes and Caps, always on hand. All of which will be sold cheaper than they can be bought in New York or Boston.

For sale by O. H. PERRY, 3m35 East Thomaston, Oct. 12, 1848.

Brigham's Saloon! CAN'T BE BEAT.

COMMERCIAL EATING ROOM, Oysters and Refreshment.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has fitted up a new shop opposite the Commercial House, where his table will at all hours be found furnished with the best market articles.

Meals at all hours of the day. Fruit, Confectionary and W. I. Goods for sale. Grateful for past patronage, he solicits a continuance, guaranteeing that no effort shall be spared to suit his customers.

35c. GEO. FOSTER, Agent.

SILKS, SILKS, SILKS! B. W. LOTHROP & CO.

HAVE just received from their agent in New York, 1000 yds of rich and beautiful Black and Changeable SILKS, from 5 cts to \$2.00 per yard.

ALSO 50 CASHMERE SHAWLS, fresh from the Importers. Call and examine. 34c

MEDICINE CHESTS, PUT UP AND REPLENISHED BY R. T. SLOCUMB.

Lisbon Salt. 400 HOPS LISBON SALT now landing from Brig Hedd, for sale by COLE & LOVEJOY. 3w

Oct. 15th 1848

Good Bread. CONANT'S TEST! A NEW and superior article for making light and excellent Bread, for sale by J. WAREFIELD. 39

H. HUBBARD'S PILLS sold by J. WAREFIELD [3901]

The People's Friend. RAND'S PAIN DESTROYER and Healing Ointment, for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Pain in the side, Rheumatism, Gout, &c. For sale at SLOCUMB'S. [3901]

Townsend's Sarsaparilla. A NOTHER lot of that Popular Medicine (SLOCUMB'S) this day received at SLOCUMB'S. 3901

Sept. 26th, 1848

NEW GOODS!

IMPORTED BY GEO. W. WARREN & CO.

192 Washington Street, BOSTON, FOR THEIR

FALL SALES. ALL of which will be offered by the PACKAGE or at RETAIL at QUICK PRICES. MORE THAN 700 PACKAGES

OF LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS, Silk Goods and Satins.

SILK VELVETS, black and colors, PARIS CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, SCARVES, MANTLES and SHAWLS.

VELVETS, MERINOS, THIBET CLOTHS, LYONNE CLOTHS, MERINO and DE LAINE, CASHMERE, MOUSSELINE DE LAINE, EMBROIDERED DRESSES, IRISH and FRENCH POPLINS.

BARBARY SATINS, ENGLISH and FRENCH BOMBAZINES, ALPACAS, ALPACAS, CRAPES, and all other articles for Mourning, GINGHAM, PRINTS.

CLOTHS, CASHMERE, PLAIDS, and all sorts for Children's Wear, Russia and Cashmere Shawl patterns, for Robes de chambre.

LINEN GOODS, OF ALL KINDS. EMBROIDERIES, LACES, EDGINGS, and all kinds of TRIMMINGS.

WHITE GOODS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. BLANKETS, QUILTS, FLANNELS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, PARIS PERFUMERY, PIANO and TABLE CLOTHS, FURNITURE PATCHES, EMBROIDERED CERTAINS and a great many other things beside.

ALSO 300 Bales and Cases

DOMESTIC GOODS. Our stock is altogether too large, for a description here; we invite all to examine it for themselves. Our goods will be freely and politely shown, and as we always name the lowest price, first and NEVER vary from it, our customers will not run the risk of paying double the value of articles, nor be rudely urged to buy things which do not suit them.

ORIGINAL & GENUINE. ONE PRICE ONLY. Geo. W. Warren & Co., LADIES' EXCHANGE, OPPOSITE THE MARLBORO' HOTEL. 38 BOSTON. 6w

CLOTHING —AT— **QUINCY HALL!**

\$150,000 WORTH OF CLOTHING.

is now ready for examination at this store OVER THE QUINCY MARKET, where Garments of every description, made foreign and home fabrics, and cut in the latest fashion, can be had at about ONE HALF THE USUAL COST.

Countrymen and Citizens—all are invited here. The Goods will be shown by honest clerks, authorized to ask for them.

ONE PRICE ONLY, which is the lowest, and without reduction. Garments made to order also, and of a fit and quality unsurpassed.

BOYS' CLOTHING, VERY CHEAP, AND OF NEW PATTERNS.

WHOLESALE DEALERS are particularly requested to look at this vast stock of Cloths, Clothes, Vestings, &c., received for FALL and WINTER trade, and offered on extremely low terms.

John Simmons and Company, OVER QUINCY MARKET, SOUTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON. 3m35. Sept. 23, 1848.

THE ONLY OPPORTUNITY TO SEE 'THE GREEK SLAVE.' A Wonder in the Art of Sculpture.

THIS STATUE BY POWERS, will be exhibited for a short time at the Horticultural Hall, School-St., Boston.

Previous to its removal South. Admittance 25cts. Season Tickets 50cts. Book 12-1-2 cts.

Open every Day and Evening, except Saturday, when it will be open Evenings. 35 1mo.

Public Schools. THE Superintendent School Committee of East Thomaston will be in session at Mr. Paige's School-room, Holmes' Block, on Wednesday, Nov. 1st, at 9 1-2 A. M., for the purpose of instituting the required examination of persons proposing to teach the winter terms of the several district schools.

Agents of the several school districts are expected to notify the teachers whom they engage of the above arrangement. The Secretary of the Board of Education, in his second report does recommend and advise—that the School Committee give public notice of the time and place, at which they will attend to the examination of all such persons seeking public school during the current year; and that they strictly adhere to the rule of granting certificates at no other time, subject only to the exception of unavoidable accident; and that the examination be made (for the most part) by written questions and answers. By the above call the committee be governed.

S. C. FESSENDEN, Superintendent of School Com. East Thomaston, Oct. 2, 1848. 38

GOVERNOR. THE favorite Steamer GOVERNOR, Capt. T. G. JEWETT, will leave East Thomaston for Boston every Monday and Thursday at about 1 o'clock, P. M.

Returning, she leaves E. Thomaston for Bangor and intermediate ports, Wednesday and Saturday, Nov. 1st, at 9 1-2 A. M., for the purpose of instituting the required examination of persons proposing to teach the winter terms of the several district schools.

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Agents of the several school districts are expected to notify the teachers whom they engage of the above arrangement. The Secretary of the Board of Education, in his second report does recommend and advise—that the School Committee give public notice of the time and place, at which they will attend to the examination of all such persons seeking public school during the current year; and that they strictly adhere to the rule of granting certificates at no other time, subject only to the exception of unavoidable accident; and that the examination be made (for the most part) by written questions and answers. By the above call the committee be governed.

S. C. FESSENDEN, Superintendent of School Com. East Thomaston, Oct. 2, 1848. 38

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MISCELLANY.

Discovery of America in the Tenth Century.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science has been recently held at Swansea, South Wales. Among the subjects presented to the notice of the Association was one in reference to the discovery of America in the tenth century.

Prof. Elton read a paper, "On the Anticolumbian Discovery of America." He said that memorials of the past, and especially such as related to the discovery of a great continent, had excited peculiar interest in the human mind in all ages and among all nations. He would state a few facts exhibiting evidence that America was known to Europeans as early as the tenth century.

An Icelandic historian, Torlaus, in the year 1805, claimed for his ancestors the glory of having discovered the New World. This claim had been strengthened by a work published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen in 1837, and which had imparted a new impulse to the subject. The work was entitled "Antiquitates Americanae, sive Scriptores Sententiales Rerum Anticolumbianarum in America." It was edited by the learned Prof. Ruhn, of the University of Copenhagen, and published in the original Icelandic, and accompanied by a Danish and also a Latin translation. This work gives an account of the voyages made to America by the Scandinavian Northmen during the tenth, eleventh, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Their accounts of their early voyages are published from authentic manuscripts which are dated as far back as the tenth century.

From this work it would appear that the ancient Northmen explored a great extent of the eastern coasts of North America, repeatedly visited many places in Massachusetts and R. Island, fought and traded with the natives, and attempted to establish colonies. The most Northern region they called Hallaland (i. e. slate land), the country further south they named Muckland (woodland), and the country most southern they called Vinland (vineland), which is supposed to have extended as far South as Massachusetts or Rhode Island. The general features of the country are given with the description which they have given. The discovery of America by the Northmen is confirmed by an inscription on a rock on the bank of the river Tamout, at a place called Nighth in the State of Massachusetts, and which, until recently, had defied all efforts at interpretation.

The earliest New England colonists observed the mysterious characters on this rock; and more than 150 years ago Dr. Cotton Mather, of Boston, sent an imperfect drawing of the inscription to the Royal Society. It also attracted the notice of the Rev. Dr. Styles, President of Yale College, nearly 100 years ago, who sent facsimiles of the inscription to many learned societies in Europe, but all attempts to decipher were vain. An accurate drawing of the inscription was made by the Rhode Island Historical Society a few years since, and a copy was sent to the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, which led to a more satisfactory result. The surface of the rock which bears the inscription is about 12 feet in length and 9 feet in height, and is covered with hieroglyphics, forming three distinct lines.

The characters are deeply engraved in greywacke, and must have required the labor of several days. The lower part of the rock is subject to the constant action of the tide, in consequence of which several of the characters are obliterated. The word "Thorlunus" and the number "1322" are distinctly marked. The "Th" in the Thorlunus is an Icelandic character, and "orlunus" is the Roman. The 1322 was engraved in the ancient Roman form of writing numerals. The circumstances of the Roman letters being used may be easily explained. Christianity was introduced into Iceland about the end of the tenth century—at which period there was evidence that the Latin language was cultivated in that country at least by individuals.

Now, there is a remarkable coincidence between the monument just described and an account in one of the manuscripts published in the "Antiquitates Americanae." It is there stated that Thorlunus, an Icelandic chief, made a voyage to Vinland in the year 1000, and that in the course of three years he was killed in a battle with the natives. It is worthy of observation, as proving that they had some knowledge of Christianity that a cross was placed at the head of Thorlunus' voyage and his frequent battles with the natives are also minutely recorded. His wife, who accompanied him to America, returned after his death to Iceland with her son, who was born in America.

This son of Thorlunus became a chieftain, and from him, according to the genealogical tables, are descended many eminent men, including Prof. Finn Magnusen and the celebrated sculptor Thorvaldsen. The author concluded by alluding to the supposed discovery of America by Prince Madoc in the twelfth century; the only information respecting which was received from the prophecies written by Meredyth ap Idris in 1173, of Galfy Owen in 1180, and Gynfyne ap Gronow, who lived in the same period.

I'm too busy.—A merchant sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of mankind entered the office; "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the temperance cause," said the good man. "The merchant cut him off by replying: 'Sir, you must excuse me; but really I am too busy to attend to that subject now.'"

"But, sir, temperance is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? The story; but I'm too busy to attend to that," said the merchant.

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good morning." Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was al-

ways too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money. But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, saying, "Go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering, ever and anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart, dim pictures of ships, notes, houses, and lands, flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick fumes gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, mercy, religion, had alike begged his influence, means, and attention, in vain; but when death came the excuse was powerless: he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

TO THE HON. NATHANIEL GROTON, Esq., Judge of Probate, within and for the County of Lincoln: RESPECTFULLY represents H. J. ANDERSON, late Administrator of the Estate of Joux Anderson, late of Wiscasset, in said County, deceased, that the Personal Estate of the said deceased is not sufficient by the sum of four hundred and twenty-three dollars, and five cents, to answer the just debts which he owed: He therefore prays that he may be empowered and licensed to sell so much of the Real Estate of the said deceased as may be sufficient to raise the said sum and incidental charges. And whereas, by a final sale, the residue would be greatly injured, he therefore prays that he may be licensed to sell the whole thereof: the same consisting of an undivided half of four Stores, in the town of Wiscasset.

LINGOLEN, ss. At a Probate Court, held at Wiscasset, within and for the County of Lincoln, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1848. ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said Estate, to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at East Thomaston, the 16th day of November next, by causing a copy of said petition with this Order to be published three weeks successively previous to said Court, in the Line Rock Gazette, a paper printed in East Thomaston.

NATHANIEL GROTON, Judge.

Attest: ANNEA BAXTER, Register.

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon. Attest, ANNOB GRACEY, Register.

DONNAYAN'S GREAT SERIAL.

PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

Occupying 21,000 feet of Canvas.

SHOOTING the Scenery, Cities and Battle Fields on the respective river, from Corpus Christi to Buena Vista, and thence to Valladolid—and from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, a line of country.

Over 3,000 Miles in Extent!

The stupendous Painting, to which the Press and the People have already accorded the merit of being the most comprehensive and beautiful Panorama ever exhibited in Boston, is now on exhibition at

BOYLSTON HALL.

Corner of Boston and Washington Sts. Boston.

Every Evening, and on every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Capt. DONNAYAN, Author of "Adventures in Mexico," and for seven months a prisoner during the recent war, will be present to explain the picture; and during the exhibition will relate many incidents of the war, Mexican life, manners, &c. TICKETS, 25 cts. Liberal arrangements made with Parties and Schools. Exhibitions given to parties from the country at an hour's notice. For particulars see bills of the day.

October, 1848. 3m37

HEALTH! HEALTH!

UNITED STATES

HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated by the Legislature of Mass.

CAPITAL \$50,000!

Agency No. 10 Lime Rock Street.

THIS INSTITUTION insures both males and females against disease or accident, according to the rates specified in tables accurately calculated. The former, by depositing a given sum yearly, may insure a return of Five-hundredths of that deposit, and every week within that year, during which he may be so disabled by illness as to be prevented from pursuing his usual occupation. Such allowance may be received for hundred dollars in any one year. Females, insured against all maladies common to both sexes, are entitled to return allowances equal to three-fourths of their yearly payment, for every week's sickness. Thus an investment of \$5 a year by the former, or of \$25.33 by the latter, will, if deprived of health, secure to the party insured, a payment of \$1 per week. Insurance also effected for terms of years, not exceeding five. For rates of insurance, and other information, apply to

M. & C. S. ANDREWS, Agents.

East Thomaston, Oct. 1, 1848. n57H

FREDERICK STEPHENSON,

50 Water Street, N. York.

Agent for Thomaston Lime,

Broker in Vessels and Freight, and General COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Subsals Consignments. Refer to—

F. G. Thompson & Co., Messrs Taylor, N. York.

J. G. Holbrook, Davenport & Spear, N. A. C.

B. Brown & Co., E. A. T. Prime, Portland.

B. C. Lowell, Esq., Hon. J. K. Kimball, East Thomaston.

MARLBORO HOTEL.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

JOHN COE.

No. 249, WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

* All who wish, can here attend family wash, dress and mourning.

DENCH & CHURCH,

100 FINEST ST.

GREEN & HARDING.

SHIP CHANDLERS & GROCERS,

Corner Front Levee and Benjamin Sts.,

Second Municipality.

NEW ORLEANS.

July 14th 1848. 26 ly

SAMUEL W. HALL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

WEST INDIA GOODS:

79, Commercial Street,

BOSTON.

NEW GOODS!

P. KEEGAN,

HAS just returned from Boston and is happy to announce to all purchasers of Merchandise, that he is enabled from the present low prices of the markets, to present them an extensive variety of Beautiful Goods, Cheap, very Cheap for Cash. He hopes to have the pleasure of recognizing among his customers many of his old friends.

The assortment embraces the following varieties:

Sheet Music and Instruction Books for Piano-Forte, Guitar, Flute and Clarinet, Violins, Stationary and Books. China, Crockery and Glass Ware. Hard Ware, Cutlery, Plated & Silver-Spoons, Looking Glasses. Jewellery, &c. Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye-stuffs. Garden and Flower Seeds, fresh from the Quakers' and Agricultural Establishments. Mantle and Bequet Vases, Toys, &c.

Groceries of every description, Dried Apple Hops, Lemons, Oranges, &c.

Old Stand, West Thomaston, Spring, 1848.

No 14. 1v

RICH MILLINERY

FANCY GOODS.

MISS A. D. LINDSEY,

HAS just returned from Boston with a rich assortment of the most

Fashionable Millinery

and Fancy Goods, suitable for the

Fall trade. Satins, Silks and Ribbons of every shade and description. New and beautiful Fall

Fashions for

ROSETTES,

Silk and Straw, recently imported; Rocky Mountain, Paris Platts, Pearl, &c. &c.

—ALSO, A GREAT VARIETY OF—

MOURNING GOODS.

of the latest styles, which will be furnished at the shortest notice.

A beautiful assortment of COLLARS, new style, and a great variety of the most beautiful

FLOWERS, together with many other Goods too numerous to mention.

Miss L. has made arrangements by means of which she receives the latest fashions from Europe by the steamer.

East Thomaston, Sept. 20, 1848.

J. B. CUTTS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

EAST THOMASTON, Me.

DR. CUTTS having been engaged in practice for six years past, hopes to merit a share of the public patronage. Diseases of the throat and lungs specially attended to. Rooms at Berry's Hotel. 27H

SEARLE & CO.

51 India St. Boston,

—HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE—

Anchors, Chains, Hardware, Cordage

Duck, Sheathing Paper, Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Rosin

Paints, Oil, Varnish, Verdigis.

SHIP STORES,

Beef, Pork, Lard, Hams, Fish, Fowls, Oils, Butter, Cheese, Beans, Pilot and Navy Bread, Dried Apples, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, &c. &c.

May 1, 1848. (1115)

JOHN HAYMAN & CO.,

No. 78 Payday street, and No. 11 Red Cross, 3d Municipality.

NEW ORLEANS—LA.,

DEALERS IN

Tomaston' Glenn's Fells, Norristown and St Genevieve

ROMAN AND AMERICAN CEMENT

American and English Fire Brick

Clay and Tiles.

Plastering Hair, Plaster Paris, and BUILDING MATERIALS GENERALLY.

Also, Tar, Pitch and Rosin.

Soda Ashes and Palm Oil constantly on hand

JOHN HAYMAN E. S. HOLDEN

Life Insurance.

THE undersigned is authorized to receive applications for the insurance of all kinds of Real and Personal property, and to transact other business for the following Fire Insurance Companies, viz: the New England, Columbia, Holyoke, Bowditch, Rockingham, Atlantic, Portsmouth, Mount Vernon, Marine, Mammoth, and Farmer's and Mechanics'.

J. C. COCHRAN. Aug. 22. 31 31.

Life and Health Insurance.

THE undersigned has the Agency of several Life Insurance Companies, and also of several Health Insurance Companies, which are ranked among the best Institutions of the kind, and would be pleased to receive applications for policies at his office.

J. C. COCHRAN. Aug. 22. 31 31.

HOLMAN'S

Nature's Grand Restorative.

THIS Vegetable Medicine stands unrivaled for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Disordered Liver, Jaundice, Loss of appetite, Bilious disorders, &c. &c. Nervous Complaints, Bleeding at the stool.

J. WAKEFIELD, Agent. Aug. 7. 29

New Bedford Cordage.

THE Cordage Manufactured by this Company is GUARANTEED SUPERIOR to any manufactured in New England, and will be sold by the yard, or less quantity, at Boston prices delivered here.

WILLIAM THOMAS, Agent.

W. T. Will also furnish Chains from 1 1/2 to 3 1/4 inch Anchors, of any size that may be wanted, on favorable terms.

East Thomaston April 10th 1848. 12

WAKEFIELD has just received from

Dr. S. S. FITCH of New York, a supply of his

Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Inhalant Tubes, and also, his valuable work on cure of lung diseases

June 1.

Sores Can be Healed.

A Complete and Sovereign Remedy for all kinds of SORES has been found.

HOUSE'S Universal Ointment, or Master of Pain, is the most Infallible Remedy ever discovered for Erysipelas, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, Swellings, Chilblains, Frosted Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Chapped Hands, Sore Lungs, Inflamed Eye-lids, Running Sores, Piles, Swelled Face, &c. &c.—just received and for sale by—

J. WAKEFIELD.

East Thomaston, Pa. 20th Sept. 1848.

State of Maine.

HEAD QUARTERS, AUGUSTA, SEPT. 4, 1848.

GENERAL ORDER No. 1.

THE appointment of companies to the several divisions of the militia of Maine, according to the provisions of the law now in force, gives to the

1st division	26 companies.
1	26
2	26
3	26
4	26
5	26
6	26
7	26
8	26
9	26

It will be seen by this law that divisions are allowed the term of two years to raise their quota of volunteers, at the expiration of which, on failing to furnish the number of companies to which they are entitled, other divisions will be authorized to raise them on petitioning to the commander-in-chief. It is hoped that the martial spirit of our citizens has not become entirely extinct by the long suspension of active military service, but that there still exists in our State those military and patriotic impulses that will ensure a willing and prompt return to duty, and a vigorous organization in each division of the militia of Maine, of all the force allowed by law.

Our citizens generally are also invited to organize new companies with becoming promptitude, petitions for which may be forwarded to the office of the Adjutant General.

The State has now on hand a variety of muskets and rifles, and in a few weeks will possess nearly one thousand percussion rifles of the latest and most approved model, which will be subject to the order of companies first making application.

By the Commander-in-Chief, ALFRED REDINGTON.

Democrat and Union, Saco; Argus and Advertiser, Portland; Tribune and Times, Bath; Gazette, East Thomaston; Journal, Calais; Journal, Augusta; Clarion and People's Press, Seabrook; Democrat, Paris; Democrat and Whig, Bangor; Sentinel, Eastport; Journal and Signal, Belfast—are requested to copy the foregoing for six weeks.

6w 36

NEW FALL GOODS.

\$10,000 Worth

—OF—

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.

—such as—

Silk Stripes, Brilliantines, Mohair Stripes, Delicate Stripes, Indigo Stripes, Pique Stripes, Queens

Clothes, (new and desirable articles for dresses.)

All Woolen, Silks and Cotton Warp do.

Lyonsese, Colored and Indigo Cloth, in every variety of color. CASHMERE, THIBET, STRADILLA and WOOL Long and Square

SHAWLS.

1000 yards new and choice styles of PRINTS, 1200 yards FRINGES; Cashmeres, M. Delains, Alpaccas, Alpines, BROADCLOTHS.

CARPETINGS.

Boots and Shoes,

CROCKERY, WEST INDIA GOODS,

and in fact almost every article from a 3-1/2 cts Cotton Cloth to a Rich Silk; just selected with care, and now opening. These Goods will be sold (as they were bought) at the lowest possible prices, by

O. B. FALES. East Thomaston, Sept. 21, 1848. n53H

Cheapest and Best.

GINGHAMS, Delains, Cashmeres, Worsteds, Hosiery and Gloves. Also, Woolen, Suaw and Stair CARPETING,—this day rec'd and for sale by

O. B. FALES.

Basket and Long Shawls!

11-4 SHAWLS, this day received and for sale by

O. B. FALES.

Lime Rock Dispensary,

(Main, head of Sea St.)

R. T. SLOCOMB, PROPRIETOR.

AT this Establishment is constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS,

MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

ESSENTIAL OILS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

COSMETICS, PERFUMERY,

FANCY GOODS.

TEETH, NAIL and HAIR BRUSHES, VESSEL and FAMILY MEDICINE CHESTS.

Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder-braces, Leeches, Aides, Dye-stuffs, Botanic Medicines, Sinker's Roots and Herbs.

Insho ret, every article that is usually found in an Apothecary's Store.

Sept. 27, 1848. 3H 1 36 H

DENTAL NOTICE.